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THE GOSPEL OF THE SUGAR BEET

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley Preaches It to Farmers.

A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMER.

"Wherever the Sugar Beet is Cultivated," Dr. Wiley declares, "the Farmers Are All Prosperous"—America Fully Fifty Years Behind Europe.

"Farming practices in vogue upon a great majority of the cultivated tracts in America are obsolete," declares Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, former chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture. "In agriculture we are fully fifty years behind Europe, and the better utilization of our farm resources is one of the most important problems before the country."

"Old fashioned, slipshod methods of producing wheat and cotton and corn are still in vogue in over 90 per cent of the country devoted to these industries," said Dr. Wiley, continuing his impeachment of our lax farming



DR. HARVEY W. WILEY.

methods. "The growing of these crops until within a few years could not have been ranked as agriculture, but should have been described as highway robbery of the soil. As a result the average production per acre of these crops has fallen to a minimum."

"Farming, for one thing, must be made more attractive. It should be made more profitable. This will be done as our farmers learn more thoroughly the principles of intensive cultivation and get a knowledge of the methods of feeding the soil and of the rotation of crops."

"To this end I have been preaching for the past thirty years the gospel of the sugar beet."

"The production of the sugar beet requires the highest style of intensive culture that science has been able to suggest. The principles of feeding the sugar crops, the methods of culture and handling, the attention and skill of the workers, are such as to create in every field and factory devoted to sugar culture an agricultural experiment station of the highest type. The soil and climatic conditions in the greater part of the United States are thoroughly favorable to beet culture, and America is the greatest sugar market in the world."

"In the case of the sugar beet the crops which are grown in rotation with it yield very much larger returns than when the old fashioned system of agriculture prevailed. The reflex action of this influence becomes a benefit to American agriculture the value of which it would be difficult to measure in dollars and cents."

"Wherever the sugar beet is cultivated the farmers are all prosperous, no matter what kind of other crops they raise. The beet generally improves the productivity of the soil in all kinds of agriculture. It causes the employment of more labor and indirectly benefits commerce and transportation and produces in every community conditions of prosperity in agriculture which it would be difficult to bring about in any other way."

"The culture of the beet brings into the neighborhood the large sugar factory using fuel and other raw material, with its complement of laborers and experts, thus giving a better and more profitable market to the surrounding farmers for all their products."

"While there has been a general tendency toward the reduction of tariff duties, this tendency has not reached in many cases the extent of the abolition of import duties altogether. In any changes of this sort let us much as possible to the farmer. In view

sible be saved of the great importance of domestic sugar production to the prosperity of the American farmer, if tariff adjustments are to be made, I believe that this should be the last rather than the first point at which to remove the customs duty."

"One of the best things about sugar beet culture from the point of view of agricultural improvement is that it fits in so perfectly with dairying and stock raising. It is, of course, one of the elementary facts of practical dairying that the rearing and keeping of livestock afford the easiest, cheapest and most natural means of improving the fertility of the soil."

Sound Philosophy.

Of all methods of making another person angry and disagreeable the worst is to tell him that he will "have to" do something. How often do we hear, "You will have to go to the other window," "You will have to go into the other car," "You will have to wait an hour," "You will have to write the general passenger agent or superintendent," and the like! Primarily we are all free agents and don't "have to" do a darned thing. We may find it expedient or necessary to a certain end, but we don't even "have to" eat if we don't want to. How easy to put the direction in another manner, such as, "The other window, please," or "Will you kindly take the car ahead?" or "The rules require." A short, very short, explanation of why a certain thing is necessary will always work wonders in avoiding trouble.—Railroad Employee.

The Day and the Knight.

Lord Kelvin when a professor at Glasgow university was occasionally obscure and complex when the interest of a side issue led him off the beaten track. This was made the subject of an epigram which contrasted his methods with those of his assistant, Day, to his disadvantage. The occasion chosen was that of his return from having received his knighthood, and a student wrote upon the blackboard, "Work while it is yet Day, for the knight cometh when no man can work."



Teacher—What is the longest sentence you ever read, Bobby?
Bobby—Imprisonment for life.—Chicago Commercial Tribune.

Repulsed.

The effort to prod pastors and church members to greater effusiveness in welcoming strangers to public services may lead to overdoing hospitality in various ways. One of the ways was revealed to a warm hearted western pastor. Coming down from the pulpit after the evening sermon, he found a stranger in the person of a fair haired Swede and, greeting her with a cordial handshake, said: "I am very glad to see you. I want you to feel at home here. I'd like to become acquainted with you. If you'll give your address, I'll call and see you." "Thank you," she replied, "but I have a farewell"—Congregationalist.

A Two Headed Baby.



Small Boy—Oh, come and look at this baby with a head on both ends.—London Telegraph.

LOWERING THE DEATH RATE

Figures Show That Fight Against Tuberculosis Is Being Waged Successfully.

We have the assurance of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, writing in the World's Work, that the death rate from tuberculosis has declined 10 per cent. in the decade—which means a saving of 15,000 to 20,000 lives a year in the United States. The infant mortality rate is falling with equal rapidity, which means annually a saving of 20,000 babies from those Herods of the twentieth century—the little fevers of childhood, dirty milk and overcrowding. The death rate in all of our great cities is being steadily beaten down to a lower and lower level every year. The advance census reports show a lower national death rate than ever before by nearly 10 per cent.

The fight against tuberculosis is steadily becoming more and more a fight for better housing, more playgrounds, better food and more of it, shorter hours of work, decent and civilized shops, workrooms and factories, higher wages, better education in the laws of health. We have laid the bugbear of its transmission by meat and milk, and are concentrating our fire upon the place where the bacillus breeds—the infected house or tenement room. The place where we look for new cases of tuberculosis is in the same house with the old ones. We must break this link in the chain if ever we are to wipe out consumption. From 30 to 50 per cent. of the children in the tenements living in the same household with a case of tuberculosis are found to be already infected with the disease.

WE WANTED IT REALISTIC

Volunt. Know How a Man Ought to Act After Being Kicked Downstairs.

Some old anecdotes are told of Count Tolstol. Once, when one of his plays was being rehearsed at a theater, he was invited to be present. His religion did not prevent him from accepting the invitation, but he went to the theater as he went to his work—dressed as a peasant. It was a small company of the very select, and the doorkeeper was careful to admit only the proper persons. When, therefore, a shabby-looking peasant appeared in the entrance hall he ordered the man in peevish tones to get as far away as he could in as little time as possible. As the peasant showed no immediate signs of obeying, the doorkeeper seized him and threw him down the steps.

"My name's Tolstol," the peasant said when he had picked himself up again.

The doorkeeper, when he could find words to express his amazement, was profound in his apologies. There happened to be in the play an incident of a similar kind, and at the close of the performance, in a little speech he was called upon to make, the count complained that the actor did not make the most of this incident.

"I know exactly what I am talking about," he said, "for I've just been thrown downstairs myself."

WHAT HE WAS DOING.

Two young Louisville clerks, having a day off, each hired a bicycle and took a spin in the country. Ten miles from town the cyclists decided to have a race. One distanced the other some 200 yards and was rejoicing in his victory, when, in turning a bad corner he collapsed over a heap of stones. The wheel was demolished and the rider was irretrievably mixed among the spokes. An aged woman, who happened to be passing, was met at a turn in the road by clerk No. 2. "My good woman," said he, "have you seen a young man on a bicycle around here?" "I have not," she answered, simply; "but I saw a young man up there with a head on both ends."—New York Press.

Going Too Far.

"Yes," sighed the suburban man, who had just moved in, "at the last place I had the prettiest little garden that ever bloomed until my neighbor's chickens scratched the roots up."

"And did you kick?" asked his new acquaintance.

"You bet! I got a big tomcat that soon made mincemeat of his chickens."

"What then?"

"Why, the next I knew he had bought a ferocious bulldog to watch for my tom."

"H'm! And did that end the trouble?"

"Oh, no! I borrowed a wolf from an animal trainer to kill the bulldog."

"War to the knife, eh? What was the next chapter in the bitter feud?"

"There was none. I heard that he was about to purchase a tiger to kill my wolf, and as I couldn't afford the price of an elephant to kill his tiger I thought it best to move."

What Attracted the Attention of the Solemn Faced Man.

One of our southern salesmen brought home the following from his last trip:

The proprietor of a tanyard built a stand on one of the main streets of a Virginia town for the purpose of selling leather and buying new hides.

When he had completed the building, he considered for a long time what sort of a sign to put up to attract attention to the new establishment. Finally a happy thought struck him.

He bored an auger hole through the doorpost and stuck a calf's tail into it with the tufted end outside.

After awhile he saw a solemn faced man standing near the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute and then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning, sir!" he said. "Morning!" said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Got any hides to sell?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Merchant?"

"No."

"Lawyer?"

"No."

"Doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour trying to figure out how that calf got through that auger hole."—Boot Strap.

A Favorite at Court.



At the reception today his majesty honored me by graciously singling me out to speak to me in person! His majesty tapped me on the cheek and said, "Are you here, too, you old numskull?" You can imagine, Adelheid how envious all the others were!—Simplicissimus (Munich).

Jellying the Parents.

"Why did you chuck that baby under the chin?" asked the man.

"It is such an ugly little sinner."

"That is why I chucked him," said the woman. "I wanted to make his parents feel happy. I always pet the ugly babies. Pretty babies get so much coddling from strangers that their parents take it as a matter of course. It is the fathers and mothers of homely babies who appreciate attention. Didn't you notice how pleased that couple looked? I don't suppose anybody ever petted that baby before except themselves. They'll think a lot more of the youngster after this."—New York Press.

Latest Fall Styles!

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